

No 4

Panegyric^A
PANEGYRICK
ON THE
FAIR-SEX.

Plus Aloës quam Mellis habet.

Juv.



LONDON Printed :

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What are those lovely...
As a...
And in those...
DUBLIN, Registered by R. James, in Dam...
Printed by...

PANEGYRICK

ON THE FAIR-SEX.

AND art thou then, dear lovely Creature,
 Only a fair Defect of Nature?
 Your Sex does the delight to arm
 Only with ev'ry outward Charm?
 That all your Care and Grace may place
 In setting off a lovely Face?
 Has she no single Charm consign'd,
 No Grace to beautify the Mind?
 That thus the Setting you esteem,
 And quite neglect th' unpolish'd Gem?
 What tho' those lovely Cheeks may show
 As Marble smooth, as white as Snow,
 And in those Beds of Snow there glows
 (Nature's sweet Paint) a lovelier Rose;

A 2

Yet

Yet Time will spoil the fairest Flow'r, 15
 And tell me what is Beauty more?
 Is there no Charm then that can last
 When all this short-liv'd Bloom is past?
 Nothing to sooth the Heart-felt Care
 In thinking of what once we were? 20
 Or is there ought can charm us more
 Than conscious Beauty did before?

VIRTUE and Wisdom, heav'nly Pair,
 O teach me now to warm my Fair!
 Teach me to make her Bosom glow
 With ardent Love, bright Maids, for you.
 Rightly to act, O give her Skill,
 And to that Knowledge join a Will.
 Give Her above her Sex to soar,
 And scorn the Trifles they adore; 30
 Good natur'd Wit, and humble Merit.
 An easy, tho' a lively Spirir,
 A Mind, another's Woes to feel,
 A generous Heart those Woes to heal,
 Nor let her Virtues give her Pride 35
 Another's Foibles to deride;
 Be she to them for ever blind,
 And only to her own unkind.
 The loveliest Earth that e'er was seen,
 Adorn with all that's Heaven within.

YET

YET whilst you use your chiefest Art,
 Dear Maid, new Graces to impart
 To those which now your Mind adorn,
 Not quite your outward Beauties scorn.
 For Men of Sense alike despise 45
 The drest out Fool, or fluttish Wise.
 Still mind that lovely Shape and Air,
 Still let those Ringlets of thy Hair
 Thus negligently graceful flow
 Around that Neck of polish'd Snow; 50
 And ev'ry Grace your Lover sees
 Preserve, and heighten, if you please.
 Teach from each Charm your Darts to fly,
 And point the Light'nings of your Eye,
 Yet be another Thought confign'd 55
 To polish and inform your Mind.
 On this employ your chief Respect,
 And study this, nor That neglect.
 This to improve, the Pen I take,
 And trifling Verses fondly make; 60
 And Precepts with Examples join,
 To point, and to inforce the Line.
 Indiff'rent quite to other's Praise,
 But blest, if you approve my Lays.

FIRST then, and most beware of Love,
 For soon, too soon, its Power you'll prove.
Honey

Honey will always gather Flies,
 And Fops will busk in your Eyes,
 And titled Fools be ever near
 To whisper Nonsense in your Ear, 70
 Like Gnats that fly around the Flame,
 Nor hurt the Splendor of your Fame;
 Unpiried tho' themselves expire,
 Buzzing too near the radiant Fire,
 But, Oh! beware the Man of Sense 75
 Hark to his Voice on no Pretence,
 For when his Tongue descends to reign,
 And counterfeit the tender Pain,
 Ah! what can then poor Woman do?
 Who can escape, when such pursue? 80
 He o'er the Flow'rs flies like the Bee,
 Kisses each scented Plant and Tree,
 'Till one He singles from the Bow'r,
 And robs, and then forsakes the Flow'r,
 The ravish'd Flow'r hangs down its Head, 85
 And mourns its Charms, and Treasure fled.
 Guard then ye Fair, your tender Hearts,
 For Men have Tongues, and Love has Darts.
 How does the Youth your Charms admire,
 E'er yet your Breasts confess the Fire! 90
 But that once gain'd, away he goes,
 And perjur'd leaves you to your Moes.
 Whilst you depriv'd of all Relief,
 Sit like the Statue of some Grief,
 With

With flowing Eyes, dishevel'd Hair,
And deaf to Patience, eye Despair.

" AH! whither flies my trembling Dear?
" What does my lovely *Stella* fear?
" As coy as fair, she like some Fawn
" Skims panting o'er the level Lawn; 109
" Through Woods and pathless Hills she roams,
" Till to her anxious Dam she comes.
" And flying fears the rustling Trees,
" Which murmur to the whisp'ring Breeze,
" And trembles at the shiv'ring Vines, 109
" Whilst ev'ry Leaf its Terrors joins.
" Ah! turn and see, too tim'rous Maid,
" By what vain Fears thy Breast's betray'd.
" Nor Tyger fierce, nor Lion I,
" Nor cruel Beast of Prey you fly. 110
" With full-blown Beauties, ripe for Man,
" Who ever to her Mother ran?
" Come, *Stella*, come, forsake her Arms,
" And give to rapt'rous Love thy Charms."

THUS sung Sir *Charles*, nor sung in vain, 115
Stella rewards his tender Pain.

And for a Month enraptur'd prov'd
How sweet to love, and be lov'd.
Then see, and O ye Nymphs beware,
The Brute discards the ruin'd Fair; 120

Throws,

Throws, like a pois'nous Weed, away
The Flow'r that charm'd him for a Day.

THERE was a Thing, as Poets feign,
Call'd Modesty in *saturn's* Reign;
But when she saw new Vices rise, 125
Blushing she sought her native Skies.
Maids since improving more and more,
Now smile at what they blush'd before.
I own for this a greater Shame
Should brand the careless Parent's Name. 130
Dress, Pleasure, Gaiety, and Show,
Is all they teach, and all they know.
For ever bent on these, 'tis well
If one in ten know how to spell.
Why does she not inspire her Youth 135
With Love of Virtue and of Truth?
Open th' Ideas of her Mind?
And bid her Thoughts soar unconfin'd?
And teach her little Heart to glow
The more she knows, the more to know? 140
Till perfect shines her tender Spirit
Fit Confort for a Man of Merit.
The Mother once with Precept sage
Inform'd the Daughter's tender Age,
And by Example shew'd the Thought, 145
Just were the Precepts that she taught.

Now

Now each new Pleasure draws along
 The wither'd Old, and Sprightly Young,
 The Devil twining round the Root,
 First seizes that, and then the Fruit.
 Thus bred in Hurry and in Noise,
 How can she taste domestick Joys?
 And thoughtless, gay, and insincere,
 And here, and there, and ev'ry where,
 How in herself Soul charming blend
 The Wife, the Mistress, and the Friend?
 'Tis hence such Crowds by Wedlock curs'd,
 Thy Pray'r, *Pygmalion*, have revers'd;
 For as you fondly pray'd for Life
 To make the sculptur'd Stone a Wife,
 The marry'd speak a diff'rent Tone,
 And wish their Wives were turn'd to Stone.

O! Wisdom! deign celestial Fair,
 To make my Charmer's Mind thy Care!
 O! never call'd upon in vain,
 Descend with all thy heav'nly Train;
 Religious Thought, white Innocence,
 Mild Temper, and soft Diffidence,
 Submissive Sweetness, chaste Reserve,
 Flying the Praises they deserve;
 And Virtue bright, and Knowledge meek,
 And Modesty with blushing Cheek,
 Good-nature smiling, Sense refin'd,
 Soft Heart, chaste Soul, and spotless Mind:

TO H ——— when *Chloris* lends an Ear, 175
 And turns from you because sincere,
 Say, *Damon*, don't you plainly see
 How prevalent is Flattery?
 He sings her Charms, you sigh your Love,
 Mind who will most successful prove. 180
 Who feels least Pain, and has most Arr,
 Is surest of a Woman's Heart.

IN Women none true Joy can find,
 Vicious or Fools are all the Kind,
 False, fickle, fix'd alone to Sin,
 Angels without, all Fiends within. 185

FLAVIA forgets her Marriage-Vows,
 Lives scarce acquainted with her Spouse,
 Unless when to pursue her Life,
 His Purse she wants, then pleads the Wife. 190
 But when her Tongue proclaims a Battle,
 So very, very fast she'll rattle,
 That all the Bells in Town you'd swear
 At once were ringing in your Ear.

SAYS Juvenal (whose tender Spirit 195
 Is always just to female Merit)
 Pardon me, Ladies, if it hurt ye,
 ' All Women are by Nature dirty.'
 Tho' when abroad the glitt'ring Fair
 Shows Gold and Jewels like K ——— 200

(K —

(K —) whose all-accomplish'd Mind
Strikes ev'ry other Jewel blind.)

THERE ne'er was Quarrel or Dispute
But Woman was the cursed Root,
Corinna flies from here to there
With ready Tongue, and open Ear,
To learn the Scandal of the Day,
And talk her Neighbour's Fame away.
With Her no Beauty, graces P—
Nor Virtue——nor T—d Wit. 210
That Bee both Pain and Pleasure brings,
Now Honey yields, now darts her Stings.
For when her balmy Lips I prest,
Ten thousand Raptures fir'd my Breast;
Again, again, I fought the Bliss, 215
New Transports rose from ev'ry Kiss;
But when those Lips for Joy design'd,
Betray the rank ill-natur'd Mind,
'Tis Water to my am'rous Fire,
Stifles my Love, and damps Desire. 220
I fear t' approach the blooming Rose
Which o'er a hidden Serpent grows,
Thoughts of past Bliss allure in vain,
I'll shun the Joy t'avoid the Pain.

MELINDA, won't your Foibles do? 225
But must you aim at ours too?

O!

O! leave to Men the Gaming Trade,
 Too rough a Folly for a Maid.
 Why grows it then so much your Care
 That *Sundays* now no *Sabbaths* are? 230
 It is not that the Thing is wrong,
 For that none ever minded long;
 A Vice it is, a damn'd one may be,
 But what is that to any Lady?
 A stronger Reason you may find,
 The only one that Women mind;
 Believe me, 'tis a real Case,
 It certainly will spoil your Face.
 For could you but behold the Passions
 That every little Loss occasions, 240
 How the Heart flutters, the Blood boils,
 The start'ing Tear, tho' hid with Smiles,
 The wrinkled Brow, each lovely Feature
 Distorted to another Creature,
 You'd think of this e'er yet too late, 245
 And save your Face, and your Estate.

TO Superstition Pen inclin'd;
 With Whims and Omens fills her Mind,
 If her Eye itch, her Ear but burn,
 The Dog should howl, her Foot should turn, 250
 Or any Dream her Head affright,
 She'll prophecy from Morn to Night.

O! dear *Clarinda*, hold thy Tongue;
 You're always talking, always wrong.
 She ne'er was silent for a Minute 255
 Tho' all she says has nothing in it.
 Nonsense like any Magpy chatters,
 Talks all at once of different Matters,
 Makes Reasons prove her Notions right
 Which show direct the opposite; 260
 Whate'er you say, her fluent Tongue
 Will soon convince you, You was wrong.
 If for your Ease you own her right,
 You'll find you gain just nothing by't;
 You're wrong again, she'll plainly show it, 265
 And contradicts herself to do it,
 Be wisely silent then, for no Man
 Could e'er persuade a talking Woman.
 Their Words bear little Weight we know,
 Therefore with easy Speed they flow, 270
 Whilst ours more slow, as being taught
 To bear the heavy Charge of Thought.
 As shallow Streams still noisy prove,
 And deep in solemn Silence move.

IT is not Virtue Women hear, 275
 But if they're chaste, 'tis all thro' Fear;
 For when they once have try'd the Sin,
 They boldly go thro' thick and thin,
 And drink the Dose that never fails
 To keep the Child from telling Tales. 280

Angels the Modest scarce excel,
 Th' Immodest scarce are match'd in Hell:
 Hail, *Venus*, double Fair,
 Thou Nature's most peculiar Care!
 Such Art on Thee she deign'd t'employ, 285
 She made the Girl almost a Boy,
 And form'd Thee with new Joys to strike
 My L.-d and L.-y both alike.
 O! *Venus*, on our fair-ones smile,
 And quit at length the *Cyprian* Isle, 290
 And hither guide thy tender Doves,
 Surrounded by a Train of Loves,
 With Mirth and Youth, and Laughter gay,
 Bright Goddess, hither haste away.
 So shall to Thee each *British* Fair 295
 With real Zeal prefer the pray'r.
 Nor think it much to bend the Knee,
 But mind no other Pow'r but Thee.

SELINDA's little subject Mind
 Is ever to Revenge inclin'd, 300
 Men are bad Christians, it is true,
 But Women are bad Heathens too.

IN fair *Statira* we may see
 The Queen of all Hypocrisy.
 Who with her Tongue, and by her Eyes, 305
 At once can tell two different Lies.

BUT

BUT most I hate th'affected Fair,
 (However sweet h'r Face and Air)
 Who, misapply'ng, tires my Ear
 With Things beyond a Woman's Sphere. 310
 Whose Reading only serves to breed
 Clouds and Confusion in her Head.
 Be clean and neat, my lovely Creature,
 Not want for Sense, nor for Good-nature,
 And ever studious how to please, 315
 Let who will take the Dames like These.

WOMEN will ne'er their Minds reveal,
 But when their Faces they conceal.
 E'en H---, who by his Trade is
 The Devil's Agent for the Ladies. 320
 (So true He knows this Maxim) asks
 From Women, double Price in Masks.
 For this he swears to be the Case,
 That when a Lady shows her Face,
 They are so modest, and so nice, 325
 That every Side-Board serves him twice;
 But when in Masks so close they ply 'em,
 He scarcely gets a Farthing by 'em.
 O! may the Great protect no more
 This Sanctuary for Knave and W---. 330
 For Satan first appear'd in Mask,
 When He began his fatal Task.
 He damn'd the World in Masquerade,
 And still his Sons pursue the Trade :

Be

Be this then, Masque, thy true Encomium, 335
Thou'rt fit for Hell's grand Pandæmonium.

“ FOR Heav'n's sake have done ! ” And why ?
By me no Reputations die :
No one I name, not e'en the Maid
Who first took up the W-----g Trade, 340
Then marries to conceal her Shame,
For who suspects the wedded Dame ?
Nay, if the Fruits of former Crime
Come half a Year before her Time,
I only say the Thing's not common 345
To ev'ry honest vulgar Woman ;
Or should it be another's Case,
She ne'er perhaps could show her Face ;
But by her Birth each Lady may
Despise what'er the World can say ; 350
May make her Title her Defence,
And look as bold as --- Innocence.

SAY ye, who in declining Age
Are tott'ring off Life's tedious Stage,
Don't we improve with Taste refin'd 355
On all the Joys you leave behind ?
Foolishly wise each Day you spent
On Business or on Books intent,
Nor the dull Mind with Mirth unbent,
Till Phæbus to his *Theris* went. 360

But

But now convinc'd, Life all agree
 Should be like Wit *extempore*.
 And charming Scenes of new Delight,
 Fill each blest Hour from Morn till Night,
 Thus all the Year we dance and play, 365
 And sing and sport each Hour away.
 E'en gay *Eliza* owns the Town
 Has Ways to make our Life go down.
 " 'Tis well enough, if she must speak,
 " All but that dismal Passion-Week." 370

HOW falsely do the Men suggest,
 Friendship ne'er dwells in Female Breast
 See what a Proof the Sex can show ye,
 In fair *Monimia*, charming *Chloë*;
 Fond as the tender Turtle-Dove, 375
 Each breathing Constancy and Love;
 Friendship like this 'tis Death must part,
 And parting break the other's Heart.
 But ah! a dire Mischance attend,
 Who could expect it from a Friend? 380
 A Ball was made, a Card was sent,
Chloë was ask'd, and *Chloë* went;
Monimia sinks beneath the Evil,
 And each is hated like the Devil.

WOMAN, the ficklest Thing in Nature, 385
 Is ev'ry Hour a different Creature.

See *Sylvius* breathing Love's soft Sighs,
 On *Clelia's* snowy Bosom lies,
 And shows how tenderly he burns
 In Vows, which thus the Fair returns. 390
 Silent awhile, she breaths a Sigh,
 Bends on the Youth her melting Eye,
 Her Looks speaking all Tenderness,
 Her Hands his Hand with Fondness press,
 Awhile she looks, she smiles, she sighs, 395
 Till thus the artful Fair replies:
 " *Sylvius*, thou dear bewitching Youth,
 (" Witness, ye Pow'rs, I speak the Truth)
 " To me thou'rt all that Heav'n can give,
 " For thee I'd die, in thee I live." 400
 Her darting Eyes shot out Desire,
 Her swelling Breast confess'd the Fire,
 Love-speaking, Love-provoking Smiles,
 And all those dear alluring Wiles,
 The artful Fair are skill'd to play, 405
 Spoke how her Soul dissolv'd away.
 Whom could not such a Maid deceive?
 How could he hear, and not believe?
 But 'tis not in the Pow'r of Art
 To dive into a Woman's Heart, 410
 For see this faithful constant Fair
 Forsakes the Lord, and keeps a Play'r.

Oh! could I justly smooth my Lays,
 And like their Charms their Virtues praise!

That

That Theme true Pleasure would create,
But Censure is a Task I hate.

BUT where's the Maid, whose Converse sweet
Can yield the Mind a heav'nly Treat?
Who, whilst th'enraptur'd Soul is hung
Upon the Musick of her Tongue, 420
With Honey flowing Lips can move
The Heart, the Mind, the Soul to Love?
From whose dear Voice Persuasion flies,
Who wears a Meaning in her Eyes,
Whose loveliest Looks and Charms we find 425
But Emanations of her Mind;
Like Stars whose Beauties strike the Sight,
Whilst That's the Heav'n that gives 'em Light;
That Mind she studies how to arm
With every Love-attracting Charm, 430
Till perfect form'd, it shines replete
With Sense submissive, Temper sweet,
Each melting Way, each gentle Art,
And all that Tenderness of Heart
That makes the hardest Breast obey, 435
And wins th'enraptur'd Soul away.
Constant to Charms like these we prove,
And Reason is the Root of Love.
For hence the loving loved Wife
Can sweeten ev'ry Care of Life, 440
Can sooth each Trouble that annoys,
Or by partaking raise our Joys.

HOW

HOW few with such Perfections shine!
 Yet, *De'ia*, all these Charms are thine.
 My Angel! make my Soul thy Throne, 445
 And with my Bosom blend thy own.
 For none the Passion that I feel can tell,
 None can conceive, for None have lov'd so well.



F I N I S.